

"The doctors wanted to send me home, but I wanted to stay in the place that I could lament over powerlessness. Attention seemed to me lively, too smart a spot. The doctors said, 'Choose a place, and what spot should I choose?' Every one of the little places round the basin—written on a square of cardboard—all were stuck up in a little tea table. I looked at them and thought of the children of Tuscon, Little Indian, Arizona, and I announced that I would choose for residence the name written on the third card that I drew. It was 'Little Indian.' I was a little doubtful, but I kept my word. I said, 'I am now that I did!'"